

Chapter 47 She Tried To Frame Her

As Eleanor scrolled through her social media feed, a video suddenly caught her attention. It seemed to be from Lucinda's account.

It showed a different angle of the banquet they had both attended.

In the video, Lucinda handed her phone to Eleanor, as if sharing something with her. Eleanor's face suddenly twisted with anger and she raised her glass as if she was about to pour her wine on Lucinda.

However, Lucinda managed to hold her wrist and ended up pouring the entire glass of wine on Eleanor's face instead.

Although the video showed more detail, it didn't really matter as it was still Lucinda who had poured wine on Eleanor.

Before those haters could comment on the video, the account posted another message.

"We are divorced, and now have nothing to do with each other."

This got everyone baffled. What did that mean?

Was she saying that she was not the side piece, but the ex-wife?

The two posts were simple and straightforward, but they lacked any real proof to back them up.

As soon as the post went up, the comments section was flooded with a deluge of vicious remarks.

Besides, there were still lots of commenters who stood up for Eleanor, pointing out that they didn't believe the two posts were genuine. They even threatened to do a live stream of them committing suicide if they were proven wrong about Eleanor.

In a few minutes, the events turned.

New proof surfaced on the Internet. The proof showed that Eleanor had drugged Nathaniel some time before.

They were clear proof.

The commenters were shocked and disgusted by this revelation. What kind of woman would resort to such dirty tactics against her own future husband?

The evidence only solidified the suspicions that Eleanor was nothing more than a side piece.

The message where Lucinda mentioned a divorce suddenly seemed more credible in light of the new evidence.

However, there were still people arguing that Lucinda indeed poured wine on Eleanor despite everything, claiming that Lucinda was too full of herself.

Thankfully, there were people who saw reason amidst the chaos.

The comment section was alive with speculation and gossip. "If Lucinda is Mr. Roberts' ex-wife, whom he had been kept hidden for three years, then Eleanor must be the side piece, right?"

Another quickly retorted, "And look at this video! It's actually Eleanor who was about to pour wine on Lucinda first. So maybe Lucinda wasn't in the wrong trying to defend herself?"

"I worked as a waiter at that banquet," one person explained. "The Turner family was short-staffed, so I was sent over to help out. Eleanor and Lucinda wore the same dress, and she accused Lucinda of wearing a knock-off. But then we found out that it was actually her own dress that was fake. Maybe that's why Eleanor wanted to take revenge on Lucinda during the toast. Little did she know that Lucinda would end up pouring wine on her instead."

This eager commenter explained in detail. So many people were gossiping and leaving comments under that post.

They even went so far as to release two more videos as evidence. One

showed Eleanor dancing at the banquet, while the other showed her making a fool of herself with her dress breaking apart.

Many people who were previously in the dark about the situation watched these videos with great interest.

Meanwhile, Eleanor was growing increasingly wary of the comments she was receiving on her own account. When she checked the top search list, she noticed that the posts scolding Lucinda had dropped in popularity. She had to scroll down quite a bit to find them.

But what caught her eye were the new posts that had surged to the top of the list. All of them were related to her!

"Miss Turner's dance" "Eleanor's embarrassment" "Miss Turner bought the fake dress"...

The words in the comments section were like a punch in the gut for Eleanor, stirring her emotions.

Her hands trembled as she clicked the posts. She couldn't believe that her embarrassing moments at the banquet had been exposed, and worse, the videos had gone viral.

How could this be happening?

Mario had assured her that the guests had been warned not to tell a soul. And the Turner family's servants wouldn't dare to do so, for fear of punishment.

Out of desperation, Eleanor switched to her alt account to defend herself and shift the blame onto Lucinda.

"I've met Miss Turner before. She's a really kind person. I'm sure she was framed about the fake designer dress. Lucinda was probably behind everything!"

But her attempts to salvage her reputation were futile. A commenter responded, "It's just so funny that she made a fool of herself. The pink underwear suit is really something. Ha-ha!"

Eleanor was livid, and lashed out at the commenters.

This sparked an online argument.

Eleanor was no match for these experienced commenters. She soon got stressed-out. It was clear to everyone that she was losing control, and her confrontational manners only made things worse.

"Why do you defend her so much? Are you Eleanor? Is this your alt account?"

Someone quickly compared both accounts and found that they shared the same IP address. The evidence was damning.

Eleanor's reputation was completely destroyed in seconds.

She had paid off some people to paint her as an innocent victim in comments and posts, but her scheme was now exposed.

It turned out that Eleanor had drugged her fiance, worn a counterfeit dress, and created an anonymous account to smear Lucinda's reputation.

On the other hand, all Lucinda did was post a video and a few brief words.

The more Eleanor tried to cover her tracks, the clearer it became that she was the one at fault.

The Internet exploded with outrage.

With everything almost settled, Lucinda told Dwayne to retreat. Dwayne was posing online, pretending to be the extra help for the Turner family's banquet who saw everything.

A small smile played at the corners of Lucinda's lips as she thought of Eleanor's deceitful actions. Eleanor had tried to frame her, but in the end, it was Eleanor herself who ended up being condemned.

Eleanor had underestimated Lucinda's ability to handle public opinion online. Her attempt to smear Lucinda's reputation had been a mistake. Lucinda was now working at an entertainment company and was a pro at public relations and manipulating online sentiment.

Lucinda calmly set her phone aside and got back to work.

Little did she know that ten minutes later, she would be the talk of the town again.

A video of her dancing at a recent banquet had been uploaded online.

Despite the wild and sexy nature of the dance, Lucinda looked pure and ethereal on her light makeup and white dress.

This was in stark contrast to Eleanor's previous dance video, and the people who saw it were stunned.

The video gained an overwhelming amount of views in record time and quickly shot up to the top of the search rankings.

"That's outstanding! I can't believe how perfect her dance is!"

"That is the most difficult dance to learn. How is she dancing so effortlessly? She's perfect."

"Compared to Lucinda's dance, the Turner girl's dance was so poor. I'm definitely a Lucinda fan on this one!"

"You are so stunning! You must be a star!"

Lucinda's dance had won the hearts of many people online, who showered her with praises and even asked her to pursue a dancing career.

Some of them even took it upon themselves to defend Lucinda's honor, calling out the person who just said he wanted to commit suicide on live stream to come out to be beaten.

As Lucinda worked on her computer, Vivian burst into the room holding her phone.

She was clearly excited and filled with admiration. "Lucinda, you were amazing! I'm officially your fan now, and I'll do anything you want me to do!"

Lucinda was a bit confused until Vivian showed her the video that had been making the rounds online.

Wow, did Cyrus do this?

It was unlike him to draw attention to her like this, as she had always preferred to keep a low profile.

Then who could it be?

She looked at Vivian, who was talking excitedly, smiled and shrugged her shoulders, not giving it much thought.

Meanwhile, the mood in the Turner family was somber.

Presley sat on the couch, snacking on some fruit as if the situation didn't concern her.

Eleanor stood in the center of the living room with a rigid posture. With his hands clasped behind his back, Mario paced back and forth with a scowl.

Mario grew increasingly furious the more he dwelled on the situation. He walked up to Eleanor and gave her a hard slap on the cheek.

"You are not my daughter!" he shouted.



"Help me, and I'll give you a special reward!"

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